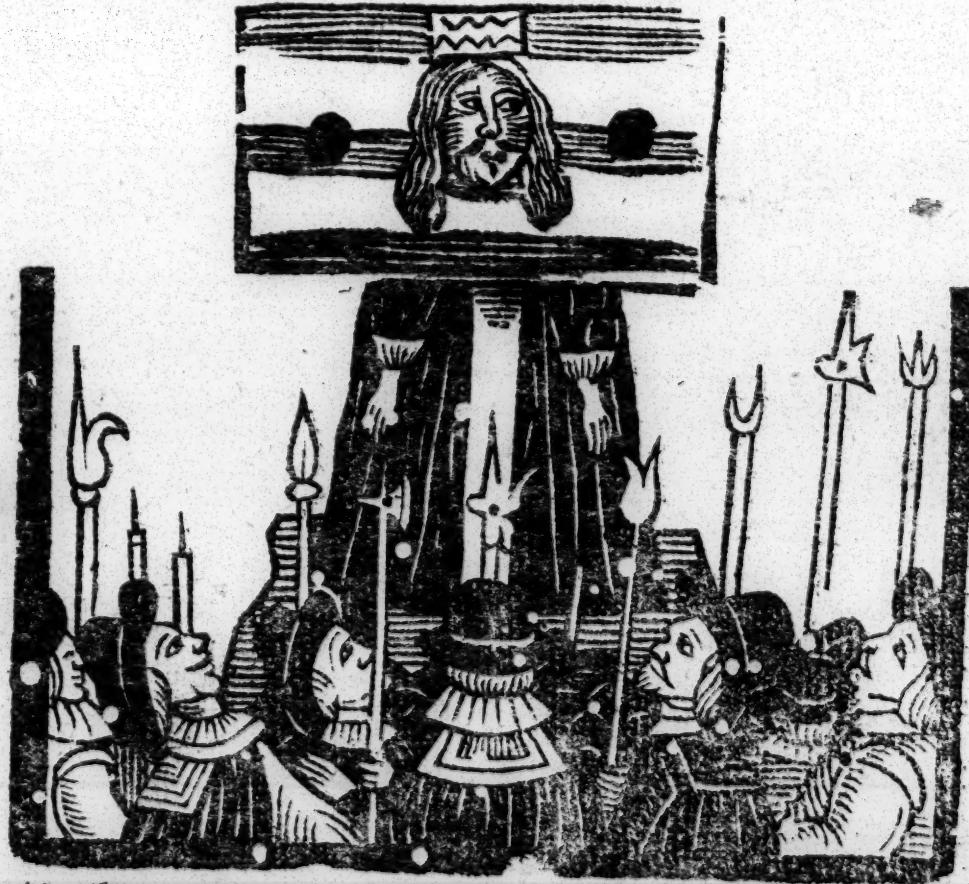


Plotting never Thrives : O R, Old Birds are not Caught with Chaff. *Giving an Account of* **Madam Celliers Sentence.**

To the Tune of, *Let Caesar Live long.*



God people a Plot, is a thing as you wot,
which the Devil has rais'd to fright you,
But be not afraid, for the Serpent is salt,
and ne'r will have power to bite you :
Since God is one hold, tho' Satan be bold,
he never shall make us his Prizes,
Each day we do find, to discover inclin'd,
some one of the Devils devices :

Let honest men fear, no ills that appear,
for nothing shou'd ever deject 'um,
An innocent mind, they will certainly find,
like Armour of proof to protect 'um.

Where's now the Design, so politique and fine,
our King and good Lord to destroy,
Tis blown into Air, through the Heavens good care
and our happiness still we enjoy :
For was the success, any better we guess,
of that Cursed and damnable Eye,
Contrib'd in a Lub, to raise a Hub-hub,
that our Throats might be cut by the bye :
Let honest men fear, no ills that appear,
for nothing shou'd ever deject 'um,
An innocent mind, they will certainly find,
like Armour of proof to protect 'um.

The second part, to the same Tune.



I was Madam Cellier, that jewel most dear,
that plotted this Damnable Flem,
And thought it wou'd do, to change all a new,
to Presbyters Kusine and sham :
But by a strange chance, she's out in her Dance,
without hopes of beginning agen,
She has quite lost her aim, for to nothing it came,
and every good man cries Amen :
Let honest men fear, &c.

But yet without feare, she gors on for to dare,
to deny what's as plain as the Sun ;
With impudent face, which has long lost its grace
she'd brazen us out she nothing hath done :
This Catholique Trull, thinks us to gull,
to belieue there never was Plot ;
But the Devil a bit, we're certain of it,
as certain as you have a Twot :
Let honest men, &c.

You cannot decease, for now we perceave,
that all your intention and dylst,
Is that you may keep, us fools in a sleep,
by this thin and most pullful Shift :

No Mother Cellier, I pray you forbear,
and consume not your time thus in vain,
Take good advice, and be not so nice,
as for nothing to give your self pain :
Let honest men, &c.

Your tricks are grown stale, and will never prevail,
To provoke us to stoop to your Lure,
You'd better give o're and middle no more,
We are Heretics now beyond all your Cure :
Since nothing will doe Mother midnight with you,
You must suffer what's due to your Crimes,
And more to your grief, without hopes of relief,
Shall be tortured in penny Rhimes :
Let honest men fear, &c.

Cut if you'll repent, perhaps we'll Relent,
and use you like Woman of fashion,
Because we do find, you have been very kind,
so to promote Propagation :
We wou'd not abuse, you that are of such use,
to the business important of Swifing,
And this is not all, you are famous withall,
so Swearing, and Cursing, and Lying :
Let honest men, &c.

'Tis pity Foxsooth, I swear by my troth,
but that you should have all your due,
We cannot but say, you have gotten the day,
and probed the Plot to be true :
You shall be a Saint, but suppose that you be'n't,
take comfort and break not your heart,
The Devil will care for a Servant so dear,
that has earn'd her Damnation with art :
Let honest men, &c.

Just now she's condemn'd to Pillory, and fin'd
a thousand of pounds for to pay,
Thrice she is to stand in Pillory, by command,
and in Pillory aye for to stay :
Let honest men fear no ill that appear,
for nothing should ever deject 'um,
As innocent mind they will certainly find,
like Armour of proof to protect 'um.

F I. N I S.

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